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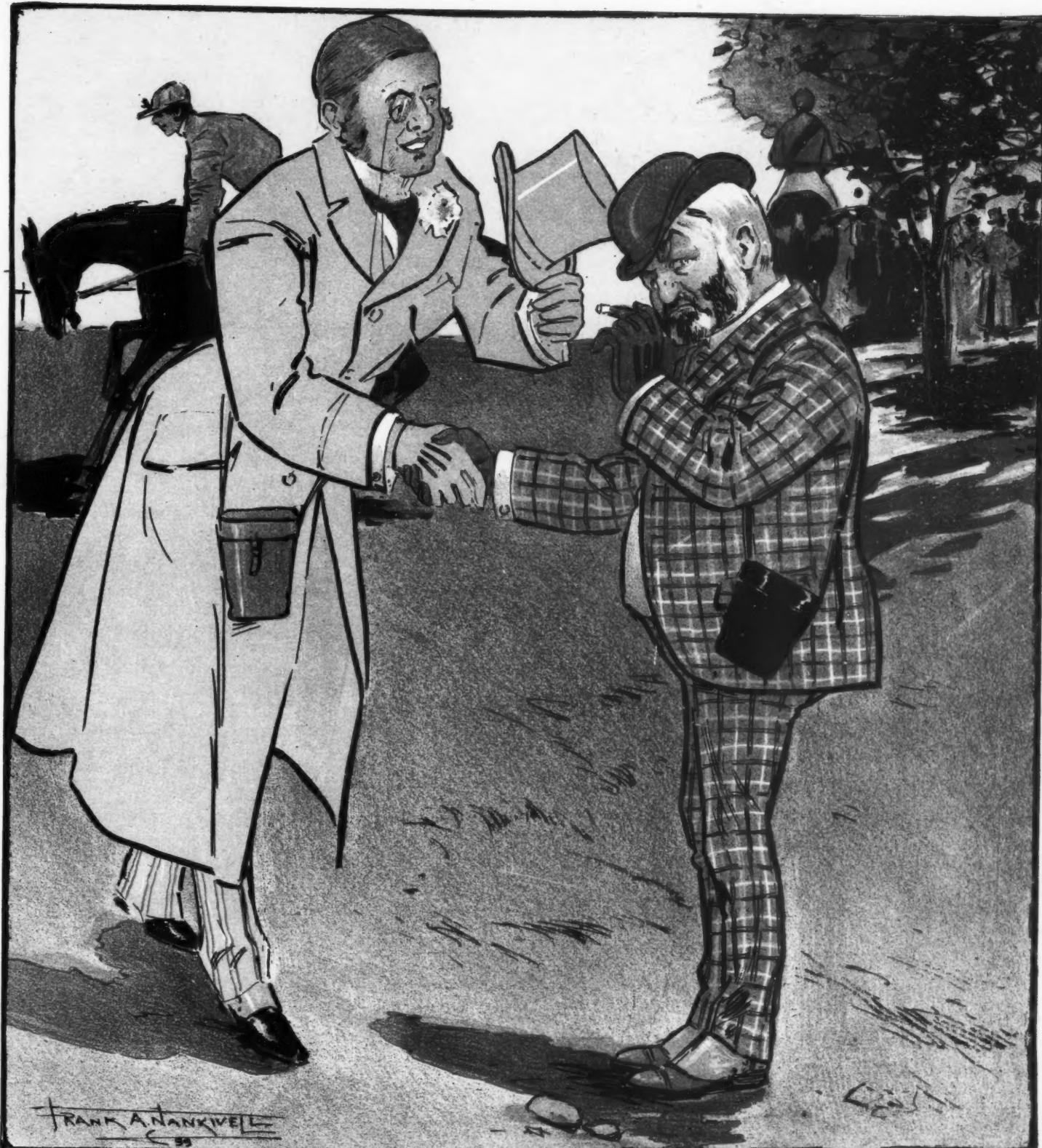
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



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Puck



A NATURAL INFERENCE.

LORD SLAPBANG.—I am proud to shake the hand of one of America's uncrowned kings!

RICHARD CROKER (*to himself*).—One! I wonder if he thinks there are *two* of us? Somebody must have been stuffing him about Platt!

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THE FIVE O'CLOCK.

Witches, in your cauldrons
Your magic liquor brew,—
You may call the things samovars,
But still enchantresses are you.

ACKNOWLEDGING AN ERROR.

"It must be admitted," said the man who had become known as an enthusiast for expansion, "that we made one serious mistake."

"Indeed?" said the other party.

"Yes. Think of what we might have annexed if we had started in sooner!"



HIS EXPERIENCE.

JOHNNY HENPECK.—Pa, is marriage a contract?
PAPA HENPECK (with a sigh).—Yes; a government contract.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Has this man, whom you have engaged to take charge of our circulation and to make out our monthly circulation statement, had any experience?

ASSISTANT.—Well, he used to write the election forecast for his own party.

WHEN MAY marries December she becomes Mrs. December, and should conduct herself accordingly.

ALL THE world 's a stage, and, although mankind is not exactly a *corps de ballet*, there is great applause for the successful kicker.

SPEAK KINDLY to the poor tramp; he is not to blame for its being washday.

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PECULIARLY APPLICABLE.

MR. ISOLATE (of Lonelyville, pace-making for his friend toward the railroad station).—Hurry! We've only got two-and-a-half seconds to make that train!

MR. CITILY (of the city, breathlessly).—This is what might be called "Speeding the parting guest!"

A BOOKISH PAIR.

PROFESSOR JONES was old and bald,
Of habits sedentary;
He was so wise that he was called
A walking dictionary.
He married a loquacious dame,
So talkative and merry,
That on his work she soon became
A running commentary.

Carolyn Wells.



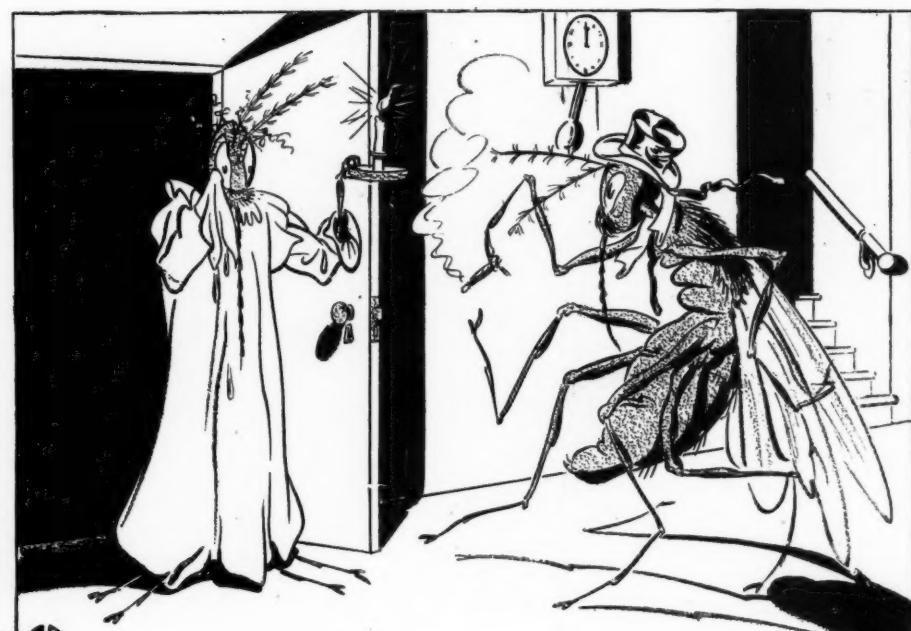
THEY DISCUSS SAMOA.

"It's jest like this," said the carping critic, in the interior. "Them three commissioners go out there an' they git big salaries, — leastways, I s'pose they do, — an' they hold their job till they all agree unanimously. Now, what's the prospect of them agreein' unanimously?"

"Well," said the other man, "I dunno what sort of men them commissioners are, but if you an' me was gettin' a big salary until we could agree unanimously, it'd be a pesky long time afore we'd be out of a job."

THE BEST years of a man's life usually come after the best years of his life have been wasted.

IT IS a good deal safer in your haste to say that all men are liars, than to make invidious distinctions.

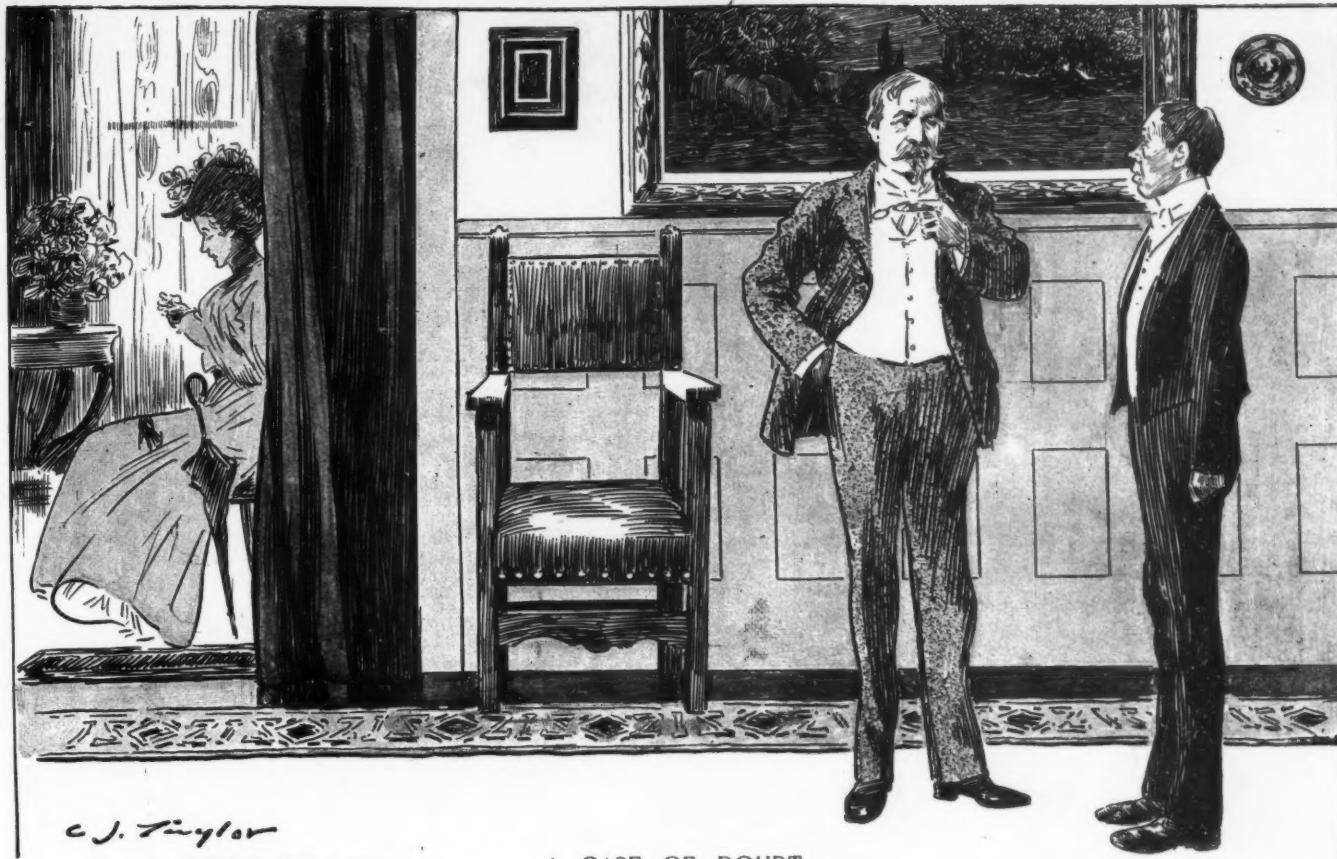


HAPPENED IN JERSEY.

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MRS. MOSQUITO.—You're drunk, you brute!

MR. MOSQUITO.—Hic! — m' dear it 'sch not my faul'! Ran into a Brewer'sch picnic on my way — hic! — home!



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A CASE OF DOUBT.

DOCTOR.—James, did that lady in the waiting-room come in her own coach or a trolley-car?

SERVANT.—Trolley-car, sir!

DOCTOR.—Thanks! I could n't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three months at Newport or sulphur and molasses!

WOULD ANSWER HIS PURPOSE.

SAM.—I 'd jess like ter know whar Bill gits de money ter dress like dat!

PETE.—P'raps he's buyin' de clothes on tick.

SAM (with great fervor).—Den I 'd jess like ter know whar he gits de tick!

ENCOURAGEMENT.

NODD.—I 'm worried about my baby. She is n't very precocious.

TODD.—Give her time. Remember, she must learn to creep before she can play golf.

HIS INTELLECT.

"You say Peck does n't use his brain! What does he think with?"
"His wife."

A CORRECTION.

ISAACS.—Rosenthal is vun of dem fellers vot vants der whole hog or none.

COHENSTEIN.—Vell, no! He 's vun of dem fellers vot vants der whole hog.

THE UNRECOGNIZED.

"I recognize you, Gondalfo di Rigamarole!" hissed Pietro. The baffled villain quivered with rage.
"You forget that you owe me money!" he shrieked. But this was no time to think of conventionalities.

LITERARY JEALOUSY.

HENRIQUES.—Scribbler says there are days when he can not write.
OTTINGER.—I have read stories of his he must have written on those days.

HOW TO KEEP COOKS.

MRS. SUBBUBS (making evening call).—Where is your husband, Nell?

MRS. COMMUTER.—In the kitchen, playing penny-ante with the cook.



A PRACTICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

CATCHER (of the Pigvilles).—De captain uv de "Gilt Edgers" says we mus' n't curse durin' dis game, 'cause dere 's loidies in de grand stand!

CAPTAIN.—Suffering Brodie! How does he t'ink dis gang is going ter play ball wit'out cursing?

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A DIPLOMATIC RIDDANCE.



MRS. HOMEBY.—Oh! goodness me! The McCell's are in the parlor; come to spend the evening, and I have such a headache I don't know how I am going to entertain them.

MR. HOMEBY.—Yes; I confound it all! They stay so late, too, and I have to have these papers fixed up before I go to the office in the morning!

BUT IT IS NOT.

“What is the Code of Civil Procedure?” “Don't know, exactly. Judging from its name, it ought to be some scheme to make lawyers try a case without abusing each other like professional pugilists.”



“Is n't that fine? Good! Good! Later in the evening I'll have her play more for you. She has ten or twelve pieces she can play as well as that.

A CLEAR DISTINCTION.

ISAACS.—Ikey has a chance to go into der pork-packing peenness in Chicago.

COHENSTEIN.—Would you like him to haf anything to do mit pork?

ISAACS.—Vv y not? I would n't want him to eat pork, but ven it comes to makin' lots of money ouf of it, I gan't see no obchekshun.

HE KNEW BETTER.

MANAGER (*severely*).—You came to me as a sober man.

WATER (*cheerfully*).—Sure!

I ain't such a chump as to go lookin' for a job when I'm drunk!

A BOSTON BOY COULD NOT.

LADY VISITOR.—Would you not give the biggest half of your candy to your little sister?

LITTLE RALPH WALDO.—I

would not.

LADY VISITOR.—Why not?

LITTLE RALPH WALDO.—Because two halves of the same whole are equal.

OF COURSE, some achieve greatness, but very few succeed in convincing *all* their acquaintances that it is n't dumb luck.

MR. HOMEBY.—By Jove! I'll get rid of them in a half-hour. Bridget, tell them we'll be down immediately; and tell Mary and Willy and Richard I want them in the parlor.

MR. HOMEBY.—{ Why, how do you do? So glad to see you! A awfully kind of you to call!

MRS. HOMEBY.—Take of your things—etc., etc.

MR. HOMEBY.—Yes; this is our Mary. She is a fine girl. She has only been taking lessons on the piano six months, and you should hear her play. Play that piece, Mary. Now, don't be bashful; go on!



“And this is little Richard. We call him our ‘Terror.’ He is always saying the brightest things! I always make a note of them and write them down in this book; I have about eighty pages full already. I'll read them to you, later on.

HIS WAY.

“Sadderman seems to be always worrying over something.”

“Yes; he is generally troubled with three kinds of trouble all at the same time: — all the trouble he has ever had, all he has now, and all he ever expects to have.”

FLATS.

The Sociologist had his customary superficial theory to offer.

“Dwellers in flats,” he argued, “move oftener than others, because they have fewer belongings and can move with less trouble.”

But the Man-of-Affairs struck to the very root of the matter.

“No; they simply get tired of living in one position!” he said, earnestly.

BEFORE ELECTION.

FIRST POLITICIAN.—The other side has more boddle than we have.

SECOND POLITICIAN.—Yes; I think they'll carry the county by forty thousand dollars majority.

AN ANTE-NUPTIAL AGREEMENT.

MARRIED FRIEND.—My husband says stock speculation is very dangerous if you get on the wrong side of the market.

“THE FIANCÉE.—But George has promised to be very careful not to get on the wrong side of the market.

SHE BEWAILED HER FATE.

MRS. FISH.—Cruel, cruel monster! I don't mind so much being cooked and eaten, but I know you'll misrepresent my weight — and I'm so sensitive about my tendency to embonpoint!

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

MRS. JONES.—I suppose marriage is a lottery?

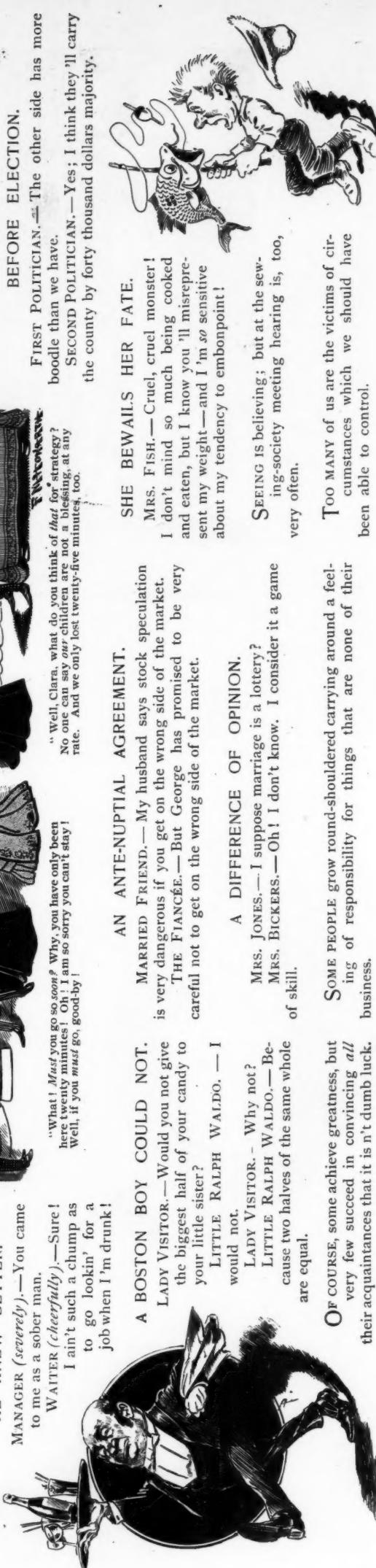
MRS. BICKERS.—Oh! I don't know. I consider it a game of skill.

SOME PEOPLE grow round-shouldered carrying around a feeling of responsibility for things that are none of their business.

SEEING IS believing; but at the seeing-society meeting hearing is, too,

very often.

TOO MANY of us are the victims of circumstances which we should have been able to control.



HIS SUPERIOR KNOWLEDGE.



"INE TIMES thirteen an' seven-eights is er — er-ah! — lemme see —" muttered a farmerish-appearing man, sitting in a corner of the lounging-room of a tavern at Pettyville and frowningly conning a document resembling a bill of goods purchased.

"Ah! my friend!" genially interrupted a recently arrived stranger, a ramshackle personage with a long, meditative face and considerable hair, "I see you are deep in some interesting calculation."

"Yep!"

"Quite so! To me there is nothing more absorbing than the study of figures and statistics. I dote on them.

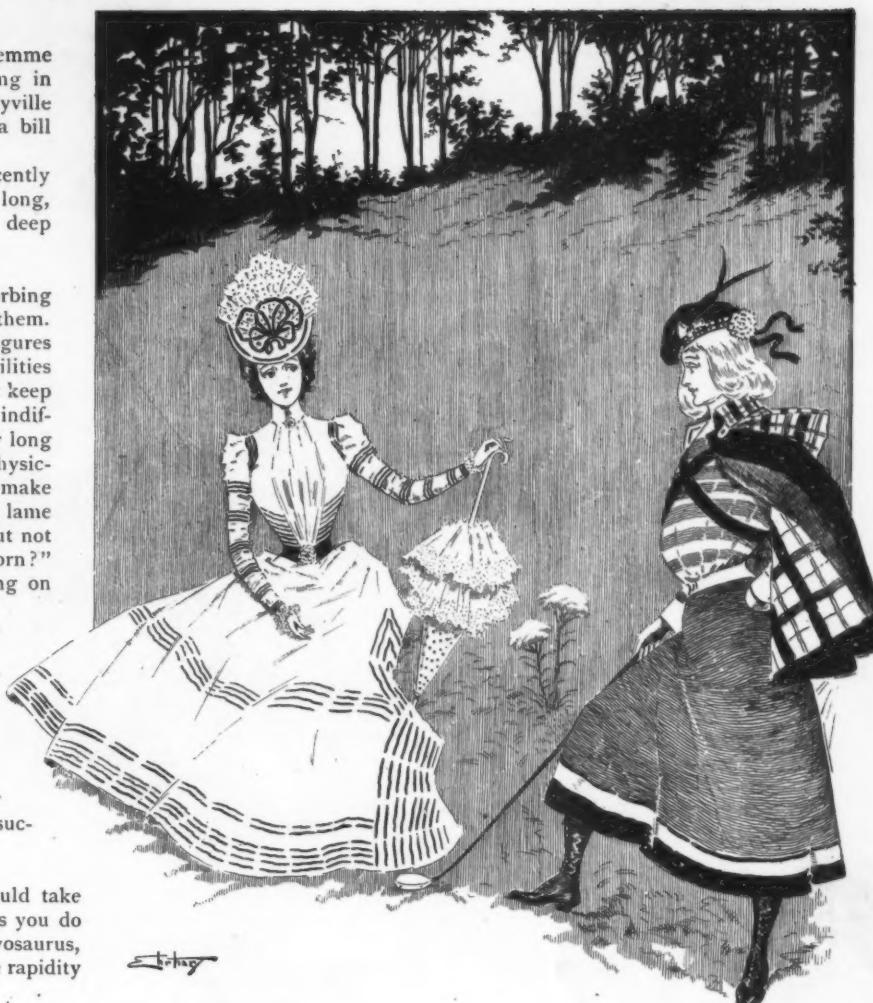
There is a strong fascination in reducing to actual figures the haphazard guesses of the average mind. The possibilities for interesting calculations are all about us, if we but keep our eyes open, and yet how many people are blind or indifferent to them! For instance, did you ever think to estimate how long it would take a grasshopper of given size, which would, were he physically perfect, jump a given number of feet and inches per hop, and make a certain number of hops per minute, but is handicapped by being lame in one leg which reduces his hopping ability one-third in length but not in frequency, to jump around the world at the Tropic of Capricorn?"

"Nope!" was the reply of the farmer, who was still frowning on his bill. "Never seen how I could make a cent out of it."

"True. But how can a man occupy his time more profitably than by acquiring information which will be of great satisfaction, and perhaps positive value, to him at some future time? Yet how few avail ourselves of the opportunities which are all around us! Now, I venture to say you have no conception of the quantity of wheat that you would be obliged to possess if you were to bestow upon the owner of a checker-board one grain for the first square on the board, two grains for the second, four for the third, and so on, doubling the number of grains for each succeeding square?"

"No," was the moody reply. "I hain't."

"Exactly! And I presume you can not tell how long it would take to bail Lake Titicaca dry with a common tablespoon? Perhaps you do not know how many bones there are in the skeleton of an Ichthyosaurus, nor how many times the word 'tooth' occurs in Holy Writ, nor the rapidity



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AN INQUIRY.

"I wish you'd join our golf club."

"Perhaps I will. You don't have to know how to play, do you?"

with which the mongoose will multiply if left unmolested, nor the date of the death of Pope Adrian, nor —"

"No," answered the agriculturalist, turning at last like the proverbial worm, but still glaring at the document in his hands. "No; an' there's lots of other things that I don't know, either. On the other hand, do you know old Levi Grabbenheimer, who runs the 'One Price Emporium,' around the corner yonder?"

"No, sir; I can not say that I do."

"Wa'al, then, if you don't know him he'll be pizon sure to skin you alive the first time you have any dealin's with him, same 's he's tryin' to do me now with this ere bill. I might know all about the jumpin' ability of a given frog, the quantity of water in Lake So-an'-so, an' what slew the late Pope What's-his-name, without the knowledge makin' me an ounce fatter or a nickel richer; but if I did n't know old Levi, an' know him durn well, into the bargain, I would n't have enough financial pelt left on me by this time to make a fashionable-sized watch-pocket. G'day, sir! I'm goin' over now to whoop the old scoundrel up a little."

Tom P. Morgan.



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DANGEROUS GROUND.

MR. CASEY.—Phwat'shot chune yer playin' Maggie?

MAGGIE.—"I wish my rent was paid."

MR. CASEY.—Drop that, ye devil! Ye'll be playin' "God save th' Quane," nixt!

A SNEER FROM A RIVAL.

JIMMY.—Perty good shootin' to-day, was n't it?

TOMMY.—No; — I hit only one bird.

JIMMY.—Well, that's good for you!



THE UNIVERSAL CRAZE.

"Running a magazine is a good deal like keeping chickens."

"How's that?"

"Why, nine men out of ten fool themselves that they can make money at it."

A WISE DISPENSATION.

"Is there any difference between 'blue' and 'azure'?"

"Yes. One has two syllables and the other has one. The poets often find the difference important."

ABOUT THE only thing that really thrives on rocks is a family tree.



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BUT THEY DID N'T CARE.

THE ELEPHANT (*gaily*). — My wife says I drink like a fish.

THE RHINOCEROS. — My — hic — wife says I drink like a man.

THE HAT THAT FOUND ITSELF.

UCH!" crinkled the Milan braid.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the wire frame.

"I've been run through and through; that's what's the matter with me!"

"Keep still," said the hat pin; "it's only I."

"What are you here for?" demanded the braid.

"Business," replied the pin, sharply. "If I didn't skewer you fast to this Psyche knot the wind would be likely to ruin about eighteen dollars' worth of millinery."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the jet ornament; "is that what we cost?"

"That reminds me," chirped the bird, "that there's something I can't understand."

"What's that?" murmured the bunch of violets.

"Shortly before the hat pin penetrated into our midst I heard a terrific roar."

"Oh!" snick-

ered the rhinestone buckle; "that was He-Who-Foots-The-Bill looking over the invoice for We, Us & Co., but She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed carried the day. She always does."

"Merciful powers!" shivered the aigrette.

"What's the matter now?" queried the buckle. "Here comes a homemade affair that gives me the creeps!"

"I swan!" twittered the bird; "we're going to stop. I'm all in a flutter."

"Silence, all!" commanded the hat pin. "She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed has met a friend and is going to talk."

"What does she say?" asked the bow of ribbon.

"She greets the lady," answered the jet ornament, "and asks if we're not a charming combination for only twenty-five."

"But I thought we were only eighteen?" whispered the violets.

"Things are not what they seem," ruminated the hat, all its various parts speaking as one; "She's talking through me."



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FELL INTO THE ENEMY'S HANDS.

"My other dolly is all spoiled!"

"How?"

"My little baby brother got hold of her and eat up all her complexion."

Wm. W. Cook.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. BRYAN'S BAD DAYS. THE TIMES are called good just now by the people who feel them. A Vanderbilt or a Gould or a Croker can't tell about them by his own sensations. Neither his stomach nor his back ever feels their fluctuations. But the stomachs and backs of a very large majority of us are fine thermometers by which to know the times. And they now show several degrees above Prosperity. Surely no one will actually regret this state of affairs. But Mr. Bryan must now and then be pricked with the temptation to. For has not Mr. Bryan invited, directed, urged, besought and invoked Famine upon the land? If it owned aught of courtesy and power Famine was bound, in all decency, to respond. But it stayed off and Plenty came in its place; — came in the teeth of its foes, of Trusts and Capital, of Plutocrats and the hideous Gold Standard. And Mr. Bryan must consider Plenty an impudent jade and a usurper of Famine's place. Bryan, finding himself alive, is slow to realize that Bryanism is dead.

POLITICS TO BE STUDIED.

PRINCETON TELLS of a Chair of Politics lately founded there. It is a good sign. Our universities should have put Politics in their *curricula* long ago. But the responsibility of choosing an occupant for this chair is no light one and we do not envy the Princeton authorities at this moment. For the point is: what scheme of Politics shall be taught our youth? Broadly, of course, one that will make him a valued and valuable citizen, — a high factor in the government of his city, state and nation; an influence for good among men. But how shall he become just that? Shall the chair be filled by some gentle theorist who will lecture on Constitutional Law, The Nature of the Body Politic, The Functions of a Pure Ballot, or The Basic Structure of the Electoral College; or by some practical politician who can let the student into the actual mysteries of the science; who will teach him the whole thing, from the manipulation of primaries up to the higher branch of wringing tribute from publicans and sinners? One of the former class will doubtless be called to the chair; yet how much more would the student profit by the teachings of some man like Quay or Croker or Platt! Here are the men who really know Politics, and they are, moreover, men who enjoy the respect and friendship of judges on the bench, counsellors, legislators, officials of every grade, and the confidence of the great body of people as well. Of course neither of these stars would give up his Private Business for the meagre stipend of a college professor; but either, we are sure, would recommend some gifted young lieutenant who would gladly take the place. With such an instructor Princeton could confer a degree of Practical Politician that would mean something.

SOME FRANK CRITICS.

"EVERY MAN WHO FIRED A GUN OR SAW A SPANISH FLAG MUST NEEDS FALL TO BOASTING OF HIS EXPLOITS."

—N. Y. Evening Post.

AMERICANS who do not read the *Boston Evening Transcript*, or the *Springfield Republican*, or the *New York Evening Post* are missing the chance of a life-time. That is, if they ever expect to be great or even worthy as a people. For these papers tell them of their faults with a frankness that is without precedent in native newspaper annals. Especially should they read the *New York* paper. Most newspapers temper their criticism of men and things with a paltering indirection: they wish to seem polished and polite. How different it would be if we all spoke as the *Post* does, with a noble and determined bluntness! "Our natural rage for publicity," remarks the *Post*, "has been intensified into a mania as respects the Spanish war. Anybody who had anything to do with that affair has been straightway seized by his fellow-citizens, stuck up on some conspicuous platform and bidden to blab our itching ears full!" As a result, "Never in the world was there seen before anything like the resulting clamor and self-advertisement." Then follows the assertion, which we thought worthy to crown this paragraph, that our army and navy, especially the men we

have been looking upon as heroes and feeling grateful to, are all boasters. We learn, further along, of a time "when people were drunk with the war spirit and any wind-bag who chose to mount a stump and prate about 'the flag' was sure of a hearing."

But, after so ably lining out our defects here at home, we think the *Post* ought to get right about the American soldier in the Philippines. By its present daily version he is a character of extremes so wide that Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde beside him was an individual of the most single-minded consistency. For, behold! in one column of the *Post* he weeps daily because he is "forced to shoot down these poor defenceless niggers like rabbits," and in the very next column he boasts every day of having slaughtered a band of helpless Filipino prisoners out of sheer deviltry. It can not be that only some are sympathetic and some cruel, because the *Post* gives us to understand that each kind of these citations typifies the whole army. Perhaps the *Post* will go deeper into this phase of the subject. "We are not," says the *Post*, "preparing for an enduring Republic." Well, we don't know about that; but we seem to be enduring a whole lot right now.

APPARENTLY.

"Don't you think Captain Coghlan has been indiscreet?"

"Well, yes. Coghlan and Hobson have shown us that the Navy does its best work afloat."

SOME PEOPLE are so self-confident that when they have anything to do they hate to waste time finding out how to do it.



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NOTHING LESS.

SENTIMENTAL DAUGHTER.—Father, I have made up my mind to marry nothing less than a foreign nobleman!

PROSAIC FATHER.—You could n't!



HE CAN'T HIDE HER.

"It's no use, Billy Bryan; — it's grown too big!"



PUCK.



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VERY TRUE.

MISTRESS.—It is n't the clothes that make the man, you know, Mary!
COOK.—Perhaps not, Mum; but it's the clothes that makes the policeman!

AN UNEXPECTED DENOUMENT.



UR TOWN was a done-up one. Several new towns had sprung up near by, another railroad had run through the country back of us and these things stopped us bein' the cattle and grain shippin' point we used to be. Business grew pretty poor; there was lots of vacant houses, there was a whole lot of empty sheds in the old abandoned stock-yards, and an old roller rink. Just the place for the Winter quarters of the Pringle Circus Company, the manager said, and the people were tickled to death. The old stock-yards and its sheds was just the place for the horses, camels, elephants, sacred oxen and such like, while the caged animals could be kept in the roller rink. The performers could live around town in the vacant houses. I said the people was tickled. Most of 'em was, but not all. Some said the circus men would be demoralizin' to the boys with their bad ways and stories of circus life. They would be ridin' their horses around, would git to racin', probably, while the camels and hippopotamuses were coarse-lookin' brutes that would spoil

the artistic sense of the people that stared at 'em day after day. The peaceful quiet of the town would give way to a worldly riot, they said. The town certainly was quiet. There was n't scarcely a temptation in the place except to go to sleep when you ought to be workin'. The principal of the graded school, Professor Stebbins, was specially against it. He talked against it and talked against it and wrote pieces that come out in the county paper; but that's all the good it done him. The circus meant money to the town year after year, and the people were bound to have it there.

"How much money did you ever bring to this town, Stebbins?" asked old Sam Anderson, proprietor of our leadin' store. "We'd rather have a little less culture and more money in this burg. You keep on teachin' the kids and let us men of financial experience look out for the welfare of the town."

Well, one day in November, the camels and horses come, but did n't nobody come with 'em. They was consigned to old Sam Anderson and he put 'em in the sheds. It seems the performers was goin' to run a little museum for a few weeks in the city of Rockford, and that the roustabouts that done all the work had gone on a strike. So the manager was shippin'

things along as he could, little by little, and askin' Anderson and other prominent citizens to look out for 'em for him.

Then the yaks and the elephants come and the lion, and the first went to the stock-yards and the lion's cage was put in the rink. Next day come another cage and in it was the Wild Man of Borneo. Well, sir, he was a sure-enough wild man, one they had to keep caged. He was n't no Irishman tattooed, but the genuine savage article, six and a half feet tall, with a big club. The manager wrote some directions about him, but the pen was so bad and the ink so pale that the letter could n't all be made out. It said to put the cage in the rink and open the door so he could git out, but not to git within reach of him, and to have a barrel of water in there for him, and to—

"To what?" That was the question. Not another word could be read though all the prominent citizens took a try at it. The beginnin' of the letter said the manager would be along in four or five days, so our people thought things would be all right until he come. The inside of the rink had all been fixed up with sheet iron, the windows barred, the doors braced with iron bars; so there was no danger of the wild man gettin' out. There was a sort of a peek hole high up in the door with a slide in it. We hauled the lion's cage up so we could reach through this peek hole with a pole and drop meat into the cage. We put a tub of water in with him, and then we put the wild man's cage in and Neely Pardee, the fastest runner in town, unlocked it and ran like thunder.

Come supper time, Anderson climbed up to the peek hole and passed in a basket full of ham and eggs, mashed potato, and an apple pie. The wild man took off the cover of the basket where it was hangin' on the end of the pole, looked in, sniffed, and then he hauled off with his club and smashed the whole thing into bits.

"Well, if he don't like that he don't get nothin' else to-night," said old Sam Anderson, as he shut the peek hole and jumped off the box he had been standin' on.

Next mornin' a chunk of beef was dropped in through the top of the lion's cage and the wild man came runnin' up as if he was hungry enough to eat even that, and old Anderson thought he'd surely eat the fried potato, coffee, and doughnuts that was passed through in a second basket, but he smelled at it and smashed it all like he had done before.

"Well, that's all he gits to-day," said old Anderson. "If they ain't good enough for him he can go without." But, just the same, he begun plannin' what he'd give him next day. It would n't do to have the critter git sick on our hands.

"I'll give him roast pork," said Anderson. "No; come to think of it, tommorrer is Friday and all them wild tribes of Borneo is Catholics, ain't they, and would n't eat meat?"

So he fixed up a baked pickerel and a lot of fried perch. Next



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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE THISTLE-EATER (*soliloquizing*).—And yet they call me an ass!



THE RESEMBLANCE.

PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER.—He answers to the name of "Dewey," does he?

OWNER.—Yes'm; 'cept when he's gnawing at a bone or digging out a wood-chuck, and den he won't pay no attention to nuffin' else;—he's jes' like de Admiral dat a-way!

mornin', the wild man come up and acted like he was tryin' to snake out some of the lion's meat when it was throwed in, but the lion had gobbled it all up before he got there. This made old Anderson sure that the wild man would be glad to get the nice fish, but he was n't. He smashed this basket up like he had done the others, and then he yelled like a steam engine and ran around poundin' the wall with his club until the whole town, pretty nearly, had collected outside the buildin', wonderin' what the matter was.

By and by the wild man quit his noise and looked calm, but sorter desperate, just the same. However, old Anderson had begun to hope the trouble was over, when what did the wild man do but walk right up to the lion's cage, unfasten the door and start to climb in. Anderson did n't wait to see any more and jumped and run.

"Run!" he yelled to the crowd outside. "Run! Run! the lion's eatin' the wild man."

We all did run. Some of us for the reason Anderson did, which was because we could n't bear to stand around and listen to the agony of a feller man bein' et up by a wild beast; others because they was scared by Anderson's wild and sudden outbreak and did n't know what they was runnin' for. Seems like we heard a single roar, but we was n't sure.

Next mornin' Anderson would n't let nobody look in and he would n't look in himself. He said he would n't view or let anybody else view such an awful spectacle as would be seen there. That evenin' the manager come. He was told all the circumstances from the arrival of the wild man and his goin' crazy, to his committin' suicide by havin' the lion eat him.

"Could n't shoot himself with his club, could n't beat himself to death with it. To have the lion eat him was the only way," said Anderson.

"Why did n't you give him raw meat like I said in my letter," asked the manager. "Did n't I tell you he positively would n't eat nothin' else?"

"Could n't read your blamed letter," said Anderson, kinder spunkier.

"Well if he's committed suicide like you say he's done, it's because he went hungry four days account of gittin' nothin' he could eat and was druv crazy in consequence."

We all went into the rink, the manager leadin'. Stebbins was standin' in the entry, lookin' stern and reproachful. The manager peeked through the peek hole.

"I opposed the comin' of this demoralizin' circus," said Stebbins in a loud voice. "It has come and it has not been here a week before we have been called upon to behold the most horrible death of a feller human bein'."

The manager threw the big door wide open and walked through and we all looked in. The wild man had et the lion.

W. A. Curtis.

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"I am determined to preserve the honor of the French army!" shouted the man who had been figuring prominently in the Dreyfus case.

"You're doing worse than that," answered the blunt American soldier; "you're embalming it." — *Washington Star*.

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ANYTHING FOR A FIGHT.

CASSIDY.—Oi don't see whoi Englind or Ameriky or Garminy should t'ink av foightin' over a dom little t'ing loike Samoa!

KERRIGAN.—Ye don't, eh? Then, begorrah! ye're a dom poor spicimin av an Oirishman!

Young and old alike are benefited by using as tonic Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—strengthens mind and body by aiding digestion. Ask your druggist.

Don't forget to take a few bottles of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with you on your summer outings.



HIS WAY OF PUTTING IT.

"What we want to do," said a member of a self-constituted legislative body in far seas, "is to establish a board of public works."

"That's right," responded the colleague. "I have never thought we have been working the public as thoroughly as we might." — *Washington Star*.

SURFEIT.

"So you don't like candy? How is that, Willy?"

"Three fellers has been stuck on me sister for two years." — *Princeton Tiger*.

YEAST.—Marriage is just like a lottery.

CRIMSONBEAK.—Oh! I don't know; a man does n't have to keep a lottery ticket. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

IF MONEY you spent to buy a thing,
Say watch, chain, breast-pin,
stud or a ring,
You always had the best only
picked.

As for Collar Buttons The

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LATEST CRAZE: ANYBODY CAN FLY THEM
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HIS IDEA OF IT.

"What is your idea of a reformer?" asked the inquisitive friend.

"A reformer?" repeated Senator Sorgum; "why, anybody knows what a reformer is. A reformer is a man who has managed to get himself disliked by the regular machine." — *Washington Star*.

SHE.—I understand the railroads in the United States give employment to about eight hundred thousand persons.

HE.—This does not include the people it keeps busy trying to open the car windows. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

WHERE SHE GOT HER NERVE.

"How calm and self-possessed that Mrs. Hooplah is!"

"Yes; she comes by it naturally. Before her husband struck it rich in copper they traveled with a one-ring circus, and she used to stand against a board while he threw knives around her." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

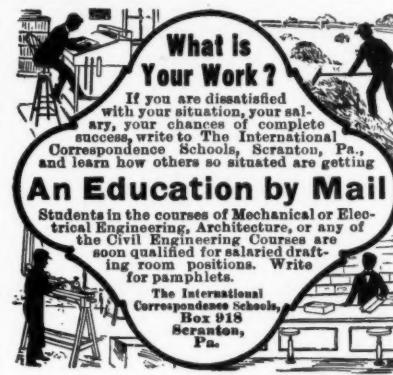
"GENTLEMEN, this is one of the most dangerous experiments known to science. The slightest mishap and the experimenter will be blown to atoms. I will now step into the closet while my assistant performs the experiment." — *Princeton Tiger*.

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"No; just the dollar-mark of present success." — *Washington Star*.

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Nor stand around and boast of things
Your great ancestors did.

— *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

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HIS KNOWLEDGE OF LEGISLATORS.

"John!" whispered the politician's wife, in the dead of night; "there's a robber in the house."

"Yes," replied John, sleepily; "there's lots of them there, and in the Senate, too, who won't stay bought." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

AS PEOPLE get older, that undefinable feeling of unrest and pain leaves their hearts, and locates in the small of their backs. — *Atchison Globe*.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND
METAL POLISH — Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.



A CONFESSION.

THE NOVICE.—Do you find it hard work, my boy?

THE CADDIE.—Well, the hardest part 's keepin' from laughin' when de guys miss de ball.



WHENEVER we see a preacher with dyed whiskers, we wonder if he ever read the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness?" — *Washington Democrat*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

18 K.

PAT.—Sure, Mr. O'Toole, an' how does Katie loike her new ring?"

MR. O'TOOLE.—Foine, me lad! She's thot proud of her initial and her age inside av it that she will scarcely look at the ither gir-ruls. — *Jeweler's Weekly*.

SUE BRETT.—They told you that the new piece was going to be a world-beater, did n't they?

FOOTLIGHT.—Yes; and it was n't even an egg-beater. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

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These days at the end of the century people say "leg" not "limb;" "foot," not "extremity." For instance, a few days ago I heard a well-dressed man make this remark: "My feet feel well dressed and my legs are comfortable when I am wearing a pair of "Boston Garters." Thousands of others appreciate just how he felt.



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OUR LITTLE FAITH.

MRS. BLINKS.—Dear me! it's raining. How am I to get this letter mailed?

FRIEND.—Hand it to the letter-carrier.

MRS. BLINKS.—Huh! He'd forget all about it. He's a man. — *New York Weekly*.

YEAST.—I hear you're going to take your wife into partnership with you.

CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes; as a silent partner.

"She'll make a good one."

"I'm afraid not; she's terribly out of practice." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

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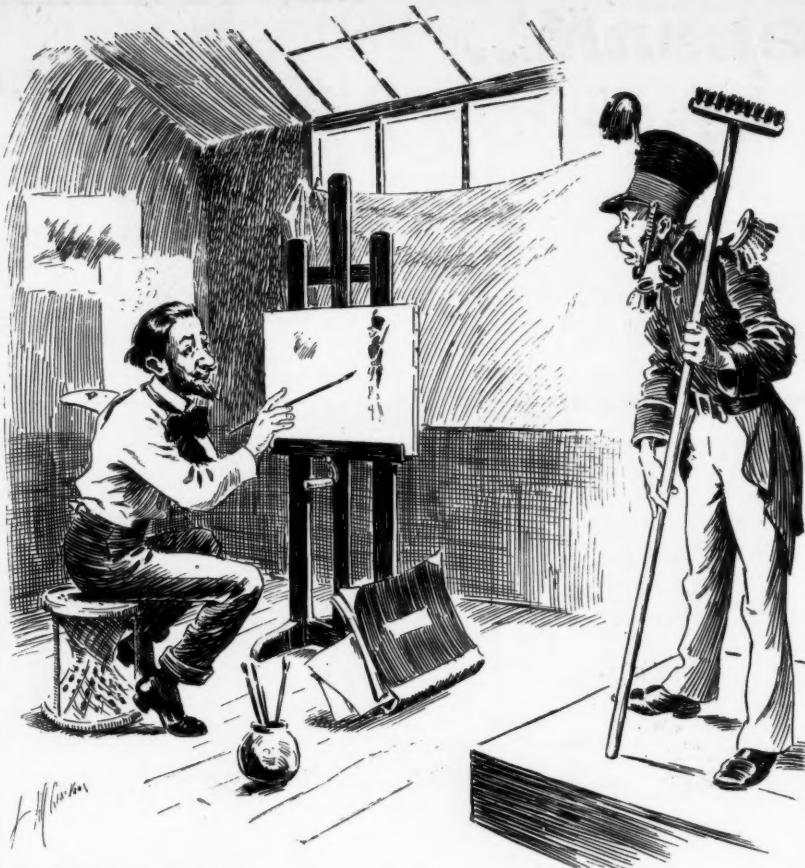
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CHICAGO.



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DIFFICULT.

THE ARTIST.—See here, how often must I tell you to stand up straight? Imagine yourself an officer in the army—

THE MODEL.—An' how the devil can I imagine meself an officer in the army wid you ordherin' me around loike that?

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

(Common Style.)



ETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When Aurora's just leaving her bower,
Comes a break in the night's quiet slumbers
That is known as the children's hour.

II.

At four-thirty on Summer mornings,
At six in the Winter cold,
I hear from the chambers adjacent
The cries of our tyrants bold.

IV.

I turn out of bed with a shiver,
I yawn and stumble and grope;
And when their demands are complied with
For forty winks more I hope.

VI.

They banish sleep in an instant,
They storm every protest down;
If I try to escape, they squelch me—
Farewell to somnolence town.

VIII.

But, oh! for a land beatific!
I wish I could tell you the name,
Where old Sol never shines till six-thirty,
But children abound just the same!

Longfellow Jones.

IN LUZON.

"There's some talk about bribing us to quit," said a Filipino officer. "Is there anything in it?"

"I don't know," replied his companion; "but I am told that Aguinaldo had a beautiful dream the other night. He thought the entire Washington lobby had arrived in the Philippines under the command of a Senator whose name I do not remember, and had captured the whole Filipino army—in blocks of five. And just as Aguinaldo was about to shake a plum-tree he awoke."

"Just so," said the first speaker, and there was a shade of disappointment in his voice; "I thought it was a dream!"

IT MAY take all kinds of people to make a world, but it does seem as if a judicious selection would improve it.

One Reason that so many men

VAN BIBBER

Little Cigars

is, that they are the most satisfactory short smoke for all times and all places. For this reason they are economical and appeal to every smoker's common sense—through his pocket! They are little cigars, made with all the expert care and of the very highest grade of imported whole leaf tobacco used for the most expensive cigars.

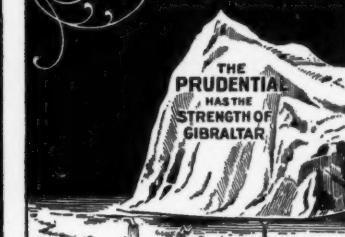
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A Solid Silver curved box worth \$15.00 made to hold 10 Van Bibber Little Cigars given FREE! Write for fac-simile booklet of all particulars.

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the only ale that is always in proper condition—no sediment, and the only ale that is always ready to serve. Knocking around won't hurt it.

You don't have to order direct. Any dealer will supply it.

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EVERYTHING IN SEASON.

STORE BOY.—Anything more for me to do now, sir?

MERCHANT.—Let's see! The backbone of Winter is broken, and it's about time for the sap to begin running in the maple trees. Get a damp cloth and wipe the fly-specks off those cans of maple syrup.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

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HIS SNAP.

MRS. FINNIGAN.—Bedad, yer hoosbind drisses as iv he wor a flure-walker er a banker! Phwere is he wur-kin?

MRS. FLANNIGAN.—Shure, he 's got an iligant job in a horseless livery stable, fadin air t' them hobo-mobo troocks!

Easy Walking, Increased Height, Arched Instep, Better Fitting Shoes, Ease and Comfort.

Simply placed in the heel, fast down. Do not require larger shoes. Invisible, durable, healthful, recommended by physicians. Raised or lowered by adding or removing layers of cork. $\frac{1}{2}$ in., $\frac{3}{4}$ in., $\frac{5}{8}$ in., $\frac{1}{2}$ in., $\frac{5}{8}$ in., per pair. Ladies' or Men's.

READ Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial.

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IN describing a woman's hair, it is always proper to say, "When I saw her last, it was such-and-such a color."—*Atchison Globe*.



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"OUR new rector is a 'fount of human kindness.'"

"Really? He looks more like a tank."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

WHEN a man notes how much the women envy a widow who has just lost a rich husband, it makes him shiver.—*Atchison Globe*.

RUGGED REALISM.

Again o'er Easter bonnets

He will lift his well-worn plait,
The flowers are artificial,
But the cash that bought 'em ain't."—*Washington Star*.

"HAVE you got any embalmed beef?" asked the joker, of his butcher.

"No," replied the dealer, off his guard; "but we have something just as good."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

IT is usually the man who can not rule his own house, who wants to administer the affairs of the earth.—*Ram's Horn*.

No Bad Taste No Back Action

The true use of a pure stimulant is to

CHEER COMFORT STRENGTHEN

This is found always in the superior excellence of

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Simply because it is the purest type of

The American Gentleman's Whiskey

Sold at all First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.
W. H. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



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PEOPLE WHO BUY

Rambler bicycles know they have received more for their investment than they could in any other way, in wheels.

PRICE \$40

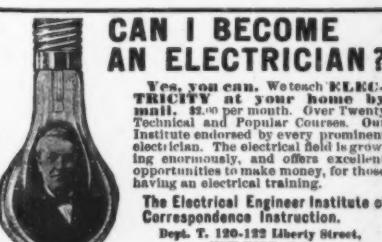
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THE RIVAL BELLES.

HE.—I really believe Miss Highup tried to cut us.

SHE (rival belle).—If she had tried she would have succeeded. Did you ever see such a hatchet-face?—*New York Weekly*.



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Thomas A. Edison



"THE MORNIN'S MORNIN'."

*This is the tale that Cassidy told,
In his halls asheen with purple and gold;
— Told, as he sprawled in an easy-chair,
Chewing cigars at a dollar a pair;
— Told with a sigh, and, perchance, a tear,
As the rough soul showed through the cracked veneer;
— Told, as he gazed at the walls thereby,
Where a Greuse and a Millet were hung on high,
With a rude little print in a frame between —
A picture of Shanahan's old shebeen.*

"I'm drinkin' my mornin's mornin' — but it does n't taste the same;
Though the glass is o' finest crystal, an' the liquor slips down like crame;
An' my Cockney footman brings it on a soort of a silver plate —
Sherry-an'-bitthers it is, sir, for whiskey is out o' date.
In my bran'-new brownstone mansion — Fift' Av'noo over the way,
The Cathaydral round the corner, an' the lord Archbishop to tay, —
Sure I ought to be stiff with grandeur; but my tastes are mighty mean,
An' I'd rather a mornin's mornin' at Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"Oh! well do I mind the shanty — the rocks an' the fields beyant,
The dirt-floor yellow wid sawdust, an' the walls on a three-inch slant.
(There's a twelve-story 'flat' on the site now — 't was myself that builded the same;
An' they called it 'The Mont-morincy' — though I wanted the good ould name.)
My dinner-pail under my oxther, before the whistles blew,
I'd banish the drames from my eyelids wid a naggin — or, may be, two;
An', oh! 't was the illigant whiskey — its like I never have seen
Since I went for my mornin's mornin' to Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"I disremember the makers — I could n't tell you the brand;
But it smiled like gooden sunlight, an' it looked an' tasted gr-rand.
When my throat was caked wid morthar, or my head was cracked wid a blast,
One drink o' Shanahan's 'dewdrops' — an' all my troubles was past.
That's why, as I squat on the quishions, wid devil a hap'orth to do,
In a mornin'-coat lined wid velvet, — an' a champagne lunch at two,
The memory comes like a banshee, myself an' my wealth between;
An' keens — for a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"A 'mornin'-coat lined with velvet'! — an' my ould coat used to do
Alike for mornin' an' evenin' (an' sometimes I sleep in it, too);
An' 't was devil a sup o' sherry that Shanahan kept, — no fear;
If you could n't afford good whiskey, he'd take you on trust for beer.
The dacitest gang I knew there — McCarthy (sinathor since),
An' Murphy that mixed the morthar (sure, the Pope has made him a Prince);
You should see 'em, avic, o' Sundays, wid faces scraped an' clean,
When the Boss stood a mornin's mornin' round Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"Whisht! — here comes His Grace's carriage; 't will be lunch-time by-an'-by;
An' I dars' n't drink another — though my throat is powerful dry;
For I've got to meet th' Archbishop, — I'm a tarrier now no more;
— But, ohone! those were fine times then, lad, an' to talk of 'em makes me sore.
An' whisper — there's times, I tell you, when I'd swap this easy chair,
An' the velvet coat — an' the footman, wid his Sassenach nose in the air,
— An' the lord-Archbishop himself, too, for a drink o' the days that ha' been,
— For the taste of a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's ould shebeen."

Gerald Brenan.

